

THE BURDEN OF PROOF

Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

Bess Brown, daughter of a banker in the town of Marshall, refuses at the eleventh hour to elope with Jim Holden. After leaving her Jim comes upon a tramp, who turns out to be Harvey Snow, an old schoolmate. Together they board a freight train bound for Dewitt, where Snow dies of an injury he has received, after Jim has promised to deliver a certain envelope to the tramp's mother at Wickenburg, Ariz., and has taken oath not to reveal his identity. At Dewitt, Holden is arrested and sent to jail, and the envelope is found to contain fifty \$100 bills. As two such envelopes have been stolen the night before from Brown's bank in Marshall, he is held on suspicion of the robbery and of the murder of Harvey Snow. In his suitcase, left beside the railroad track, a man named Barlow discovers further evidence against him. Jim's lips are sealed by his oath to Snow, and by his fear of implicating Bess's brother, whom he suspects of the robbery. Bess also suspects her brother, and believes that her cousin, Tom Griswold, knows something about the case.

Jim is convicted of murder and sentenced to death, three weeks being allowed him in which to carry out his last wish of sending \$5,000 to Arizona. He chooses Bess Brown as his niece. On the evening of his death, Bess finds a note, signed "Harvey," which she keeps as a note of importance. On the train, she meets a young woman, a Miss Jackson, who cleverly manages to substitute her own note for Bess's, containing the money and note. In Miss Jackson's suitcase Bess finds two letters signed "B." Her search for Mrs. Snow results in failure. In the street one day she catches sight of a familiar figure, and she hurries to him. A fellow-prisoner of Jim's succeeds in passing him a button, on which is scratched a plan to break jail. In trying to return it, Jim is detected by a guard, who demands to know what he has in his hand.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TRUTH FOR HALF AN HOUR.

W HEN Bess Brown recognized the hat among the throng of people on that Wickenburg street, she darted after the woman who was wearing it.

Half a block off she overtook her. Taking a nervous hold on the woman's arm, Bess called out:

"Hello, Miss Jackson! It was the girl who had changed the suitcase and gone off with Bess's \$5,000, and the note she wanted to see in evidence."

The woman turned and recognized her captor. At first she tried to convince Bess that she had made a mistake. But that was useless, so Miss Jackson made an effort to break away.

Bess held to her tightly. "I'll call a policeman in a second if you try that again, Miss Jackson," Jim's sweetheart cried, holding on with a strength that surprised even herself.

"Well, what do you want then, looking around her like a cat?"

"I want my bag back and all that it contained," Bess replied firmly.

"Your bag's in a gully about fifty miles from here," she replied tauntingly.

"And the money?"

"Who said anything about money?" flashed the other.

Bess hurriedly explained about the letters that she had found in the suitcase that Miss Jackson had carried.

"Oh, I forgot," exclaimed Miss Jackson, in a frightened voice.

Bess knew that she had gained a point.

"I'm going to have that money and the note," she announced.

"And if I give them up you hand me over to the police—no much," cried the other.

"Would you rather be handed over to the police?"

The force of Bess's argument was convincing.

"No-o-o-o-o," wavered Miss Jackson. "Then you'd better come to my terms."

"What are they?"

"That you give me the money and the note and swear to tell me the truth for half an hour."

"If I don't choose to?"

"Then I'll hold on to you and call the police."

Knowing that she was caught, the thief tried to gain time. She wanted a chance to think.

"Then, you'll let me go if I give over and tell the truth for half an hour?"

"Yes."

"All right. I'll take you up on that," was the slow reply, for the girl had the articles on her, and knew that she would have no chance with the police, having already a slight record against her.

They proceeded at once to a restaurant, and found a private room. There the note Bess had discovered in Tom's room was returned to her, and all but two of the one-hundred-dollar bills. Miss Jackson had changed two, but had only spent about \$50 altogether.

Bess said nothing about the balance. She was so glad to get the money back that \$50 made no difference at all.

ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

Written Expressly As a Serial for The Washington Times.
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he was your brother, or rather, that you were his sister. He's a rich young fellow that lives in some Podunk town near Dewitt. Father owns a bank, and he was framed up to rob it. There was an insolence in the girl's voice that made Bess sick at heart, but she did not consider her own feeling in the matter she must find out more.

"Then you knew about my father's bank being robbed?"

"Yes. Brander wrote to me before it happened. I read it in the papers afterward."

"You read about a man by the name of Holden being accused of the burglary and murdering his 'pal'?" Bess continued.

"Do you think he was guilty?"

"I don't know."

"Who was guilty, then?"

"I guess Harvey Snow had a hand in it. Brander was going to try to work him in on it. I don't know, though. He only hinted at the whole thing in his letters to me. It wasn't any of my business."

"What are your relations with this man Brander?" asked Bess.

The girl paused, started to speak, stopped herself abruptly, colored, and then replied, with an effort:

"We're just friends."

"Is that all you know about the robbery?"

"Every bit."

"You're remembering to tell the whole truth?" prompted the questioner.

"I certainly am. It can't hurt me any and I get free for it."

"Would you sign a statement containing what you have said to me tonight?"

"That wasn't in the bargain," Miss Jackson responded quickly.

"I know," Bess admitted, "but if you were paid, would you?"

"No," the reply was final.

Bess knew that she could not get the girl's statement put in evidence.

She tried another tack.

"Would you come to Marshall and make this statement if I paid you well for it?"

"No." The second reply was as decisive as the other.

The girl paused, passed her hand over a perspiring brow and replied slowly:

"Because Brander and I are friends. I wouldn't put him in wrong for all the money in the world."

Bess knew that further argument would be futile. She had made the girl a proposition for half an hour's truth and the girl had lived up to her part of the agreement. Bess was powerless to urge her further.

"My half hour's up," announced Miss Jackson abruptly, closing her watch.

"Just one more—"

Bess stopped as she heard a commotion at the door of the room. She looked toward Miss Jackson. The girl had leaned forward suddenly and was tensely holding to the arm of her chair, her eyes fixed on the door.

In a moment two men forced their way in.

One stepped quickly to Miss Jackson's side and clapped a heavy hand on her shoulder.

"You're under arrest," he announced in a gruff voice.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A SMALL TRIUMPH.

B ESS realized that the men were detectives who had been sent out by her after the thief. She must protect the girl now that she had given her word not to press the case in return for the half hour of truth telling.

"Withdraw my charge," Bess cried.

"And who are you?" asked one of the detectives gruffly.

"I am the person who made complaint against this girl. It was a mistake. Everything is settled."

"That doesn't make no difference," replied the man. "We've got more than one complaint against this here young lady. She's one of the best in the business. There's plenty of charges waiting for her over at headquarters."

Bess could do nothing. The law had

Miss Jackson in its power, and there was no chance for Bess to help her.

She herself was forced to return to the police station with the plain clothes men in order to be identified as all right by the captain.

Having adjusted that matter Bess was released, and returned at once to her hotel.

There was nothing more for her to do that night, so she went to bed after thinking over the day's events, and congratulating herself on having recovered the note and the money single handed.

The story that Miss Jackson had told bothered her considerably. She could in no way figure out who this man Brander was. He was a new element in the case.

In spite of the complexity affairs had taken on Bess felt that she had gained ground, even if no news had been learned of Mrs. Snow.

One thing was certain now, that Harvey Snow was the man Jim was accused of murdering, and that Harvey Snow had been inveigled into the burglary by the man Brander.

Sleep finally came to Bess, and in the morning she was up bright and early and out looking for traces of Mrs. Snow.

Time was going fast, and she must return to Marshall as soon as possible to get the threads of her story together and present them to the governor.

But though she tramped about the city till late in the afternoon Bess was unable to find out anything at all of the woman of whom she was in search.

Another long night passed, and on the third morning of her stay in Wickenburg Bess decided that if she found nothing of Mrs. Snow by noon she would prepare to leave town.

At noon she had learned nothing. Ever since Bess had heard of the unclaimed letter for Mrs. E. Snow in the postoffice she had been trying to devise some way of getting it. At length it occurred to her that the best thing to do was to solicit the aid of the captain of police, the official who had been so kind to her.

They talked the matter over at great length, and finally the captain offered to try to get the letter for her. He told Bess to return at 3 o'clock, and he would let her know what success he had had.

The story Bess told him was of great interest; he had read of it in the papers and wanted to help her, if possible, in running down the real criminals.

Having left police headquarters, Bess put in half an hour in arranging for her return to Marshall. She secured her ticket and berth to Dewitt and then returned to the hotel to settle up there, for she had determined to go back immediately after her interview with the captain.

If there was any clue in the letter as to the whereabouts of Mrs. Snow, she would leave the money with the captain to deliver. It was imperative that she get home as quickly as possible in order to do all in her power to get a pardon for Jim.

With the new evidence in hand she realized that it was foolish for her to stay here longer, when Holden's fate depended on her return.

At 3 o'clock Bess appeared before the captain again. He was seated at his desk and the moment she entered he looked up and handed her a letter.

Bess glanced at it. It was addressed to Mrs. R. E. Snow, and evidently was the unclaimed one from the postoffice.

"The postmaster is a friend of mine," explained the police official. "He didn't like to give the letter up—it's irregular—but when I explained that it would be delivered to the right person, if possible, he agreed to let me borrow it in the cause of justice."

"It was in bad condition," added the captain. "We read it together. The postmaster wants you to return it when you are through with it."

"I'll certainly do that," cried Bess happily.

She opened the letter at once and read:

Dear Mother:

You'll be surprised to hear from me. I've forgotten your address, but hope this will reach you.

I was in Dewitt the other day and met old Tom Griswold. You remember him?

He was George Brown's cousin. Also saw George.

In a week or two I'm going to run over to Marshall and see some of my old friends. Then I think I'll come home.

Tom told me of a business venture he had in mind and I may be able to make some money out of it.

I'm tired of wandering. If everything comes out all right you can expect me back in Wickenburg before long.

I've been a foolish man, mother, but I'm going to cut loose and square away.

I'm coming back home—if everything comes out all right. With love,

HARVEY SNOW.

Bess did not have the time to take up each point in the letter slowly and figure out just what value it would have for her in the case, but she knew that either Tom or George had been mixed up with Harvey in the robbery.

One thing surprised her; she found no mention of Brander, the man that Miss Jackson had mentioned as having written her from Dewitt.

The captain explained that the address on the letter must have been wrong, for nothing was known of Mrs. Snow at the house designated on the envelope.

The girl's resolution was unshaken; she would return to Marshall at once. Thanking the captain for his services in her behalf, Bess took her leave and was soon aboard a train, headed for home.

Her mission had been an utter failure, so far as carrying out Jim's last wish was concerned. But that bothered her little. Her hopes were now immeasurably higher than they had been at the outset.

She had, in a strong envelope, secured in her waist, four interesting documents that she hoped would be substantial evidence in securing a pardon for Jim. They were, first, the note signed "Harvey," that she had found in Tom's room; then, the two letters she had obtained from Miss Jackson's bag, and fourth, the letter to Mrs. Snow from Harvey.

She took out the two letters that Harvey Snow had written and compared the handwriting. They were identical. Her trip to Wickenburg had proved one thing, if nothing else—that Harvey Snow was the unidentified man in the morgue at Dewitt.

She would go there at once and see if she could remember him. In her mind there was a picture of how he had looked as a boy and she was certain that if it were he she would recognize him in death, or from a photograph taken after death by the authorities.

Now she understood why Jim had been silent as to the identity of the tramp. She did not blame him for it, but reflected how much easier it would have been had he let her know who his companion in the box-car had been from the start.

There was one other thing she must do in Dewitt. The man Brander must be found. She had two samples of his handwriting and hoped to be able to get hold of him through these, but Dewitt was a big city and Bess expected to experience great difficulty in running down the man.

There were several breaks in her chain of evidence. She had only fourteen days in which to connect the links and lay the perfected whole before the governor.

But that did not bother her. She was possessed of limitless spirit. It had been her fault, she argued, that Jim had got into all this trouble. She alone could get him out, and she must, in spite of all difficulties.

The Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of This Paper.

CITIZENS DISAGREE WITH SCOTT'S VIEWS

Park View Association Draws Up a Resolution of Protest.

Senator N. B. Scott's views as to what constitutes the proper taxation of property in the District of Columbia, do not meet with the approval of the Park View Citizens' Association, and he will shortly receive a resolution of protest and criticism from the association.

The association held an enthusiastic meeting in the Whitney Avenue Memorial Christian Church last evening, at which it took decided action on several matters concerning the public welfare.

The election of officers is announced for the next meeting to be held at a date to be announced later.

ADVISES CAMPAIGN TO LENGTHEN LIFE

Professor Suggests That Insurance Companies Improve Hygienic Conditions.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale University, president of the committee of one hundred on the national health, in an address before the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, proposed that money be expended by life insurance companies in a campaign of education to improve hygienic conditions throughout the United States. He said the practical application of reforms known to modern hygiene would increase human life in America more than fifteen years. This decreased mortality, he said, would so lessen the cost of insurance that the returns to policyholders would be many times more than the original expenditure.

Large corporations take care of the health of their employees," said Dr. Woods T. Hutchinson, "and they get their returns in dividends. Foreign insurance companies have established sanitariums for the cure of tuberculosis and found them to be a paying proposition."

CORTELYOU MEDAL EXECUTED AT MINT

Splendid Portrait of Secretary Made by Skilled Engravers and Artists.

The engravers and artists at the United States Mint in Philadelphia have just completed a medal of Secretary Cortelyou.

The principal part of the work was executed by Charles E. Barber, head medalist at the mint and is declared to be one of the best portrait medals ever turned out by the Government.

A medal in honor of every Secretary of the Treasury as well as every President by the mint.

PHOENIXVILLE GIRL MISSING FOR WEEK

POTTSTOWN, Pa., Feb. 6.—One week ago Miss Myra Moser, a comely Phoenixville woman of twenty-five, left the home of her father, W. Scott Moser, in an ostensible visit to Pottstown to visit her cousin, the wife of Prof. A. W. Moser.

Since then no trace of her has been discovered.

It is said Miss Moser was subject to melancholy spells, but the theory of suicide or an elopement is not given any serious consideration by her folks. She is a tall and attractive blonde, a talented musician and leader of her society set in Phoenixville.

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DETECTIVE HORNE REGAINING HEALTH

Veteran Policeman Expects to Be Back at Post Soon.

Detective "Ed" Horne, dean of the Central Office staff, who has been seriously ill for the last two months at his home, 25 C street northeast, has been improving rapidly for the last few days and expects to go on duty again within the next week or two.

The veteran detective has been operated upon three times for carbuncles on his back, and for several weeks his condition was regarded as serious.

For Horne, as he is familiarly known to the men on the force, did duty at headquarters for many years, but when the new Union Station was completed he was transferred to that post.

WOMEN PARADE.

ATLANTIC CITY, Feb. 6.—Five hundred earnest women paraded the streets of fashionable Chelsea tonight, singing Gospel hymns to attract an audience to Christ M. P. Church, where revivals are being held. Crowds of men followed the women to the church, which was soon packed to overflowing.

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